

A THOUGHT
Thirty years of our Lord's life
are hidden in these words of
the gospel: "He was subject un-
to them."—Bussuet.

Hope



Star

WEATHER
Arkansas—Partly cloudy, con-
tinued warm Thursday night
and Friday.

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ATTEMPTS TO KILL THE KING

Here and There

Editorial By ALEX. H. WASHBURN

WHEN news "breaks" it breaks simultaneously in far-distant places. The papers for the last week or two have been full of nothing but Midwestern drought and presidential and state politics. But the news is crackling today, fresh, and in England a newspaper man loads a loaded pistol at the king. "The woman in gray" knocks the gun into the street. Police, Chubs, Jail. The king, unperturbed, goes on to Buckingham palace. . . . That item means as much to the other English-speaking race, all over the world, as the news of the attempted assassination of President-Elect Roosevelt meant to us in the winter of 1932-33.

The Politicians Count Up Chickens Ere Eggs Are Laid

Bandwagon Theory Today
Is Seriously Damaged by
Over-Confidence

FORECAST FAULTY Cross-Currents at Work in 1936 Making Guessing Dangerous

By BYRON PRICE
Chief of Bureau, The Associated
Press, Washington

Long before the nation-wide campaign gets well under way, the politicians are busy informing the public who will win. It is possible to read daily that Chairman Whosis has announced the glorious and overwhelming triumph of his candidate, or that Senator Whatis has conducted a survey and finds his state safe for the ticket beyond the peradventure of a doubt.

Some political managers even are hauling out the adding machines, and counting with great exactitude the chickens from eggs not yet laid. The reasons for this strange performance are something of a mystery. Perhaps the best explanation is that the practice of "long-range" political forecasting persists because no one has stopped to consider how foolish most of it appears under present-day conditions.

In by-gone times, there probably was a psychological advantage in claiming everything in sight. On many occasions, too, it probably was possible to get a rather definite line on the result, well in advance. It is a disputed point how far either of these possibilities applies in these days of rapidly changing public opinion and widespread independent voting.

Damages Of Over-Confidence
The theory of the extravagant political claim is, of course, that it helps the morale of party workers, throws fear into the ranks of the enemy and encourages doubters to leap for the bandwagon. But does it?

If party workers took the premature claims of their leaders seriously at all, wouldn't the result be over-confidence, leading to a slackening of effort? Conversely, it may be disputed whether such claims damage the political opposition. Certainly there have been cases where the reverse was true—where too much arrogance on one side has angered and stimulated the other side, and has aroused a more desperate resistance.

So far as the bandwagon is concerned, the strength of its pull in national elections nowadays is open to serious question. Each reader can calculate for himself how many voters there are among his personal acquaintances who will be impelled on election day entirely by a desire to be on the winning side.

Such a desire may be a strong factor in some local situation, but it is difficult to visualize it, on practical terms, as turning the tide for or against any national ticket.

Conditions Prevent Forecast
In the campaign of 1936 all sorts of cross-currents are at work. It would be a miracle if, four months before the election, anyone could assess accurately the relative strength of these many factors.

Involved in President Roosevelt's candidacy for reelection there are certain fixed quantities. He has a record, known to the country, and he must stand on that record. Still even about

Earthquake Hits Pacific Northwest

Valley of Walla Walla Shaken in State of Oregon

Chimneys Topple and Corner of Railroad Depot Is Destroyed

FELT IN 3 STATES

Residents Rush Into
Streets Seeking Safety
During Night

SPokane, Wash.—(AP)—Topped chimneys and at least one badly-damaged building marked the Walla Walla valley Thursday as the apparent center of an earthquake which awakened residents of three Pacific Northwest states Wednesday night, sending many persons running into the streets.

Milton-Greenwater, Oregon, in Walla Walla valley, reported the heaviest loss of any shaken town. A corner of the Union Pacific depot collapsed.

The Utah Canning company estimated over \$10,000 damage. Reports indicated that tremors were felt plainly through the region east of the Cascade mountains in Washington, north Idaho and northern Oregon.

U. S. Senator From Iowa Auto Victim

Louis Murphy, Democrat,
Killed When a Front
Tire Blows Out

CHIPPewa FALLS, Wis.—(AP)—United States Senator Louis Murphy, Iowa Democrat, was killed Thursday when an auto in which he was riding plunged off the highway after a front tire had blown out.

Band Concert at City Hall Friday

Hempstead County Group
to Be Assisted From
Stamps and Rosston

The Hempstead County WPA String Band, under direction of Ruol Oliver, will present the third of a series of programs at the Hope city auditorium Friday night at 8 o'clock.

The program will consist of ensemble numbers, solos, duets and quartets. A group of costumed dancers from the Stamps WPA Recreation and Music Project will appear on the program.

The Harry Martin string band, of Stamps, and the E. W. Dorman band of Rosston, are expected to further add to the entertainment.

The public is invited to attend this concert. There will be no admission charge, and no collection will be taken.

Cornerstone Documents Found in Church Steeple

OBERSHEINHEIM, Germany.—(AP)—Repairs to the church steeple of this old Franconian village disclosed that the bell below the weather vane contained historical documents, and some coins, some dating back nearly 300 years.

Of special interest to numismatists were medals struck to commemorate the "hunger years" 1771 to 1773, on which the then current prices for bread, corn and meat are recorded.

Pastor Stark of the village hopes to arouse the interest of coin collectors in the treasure trove, as the village is a poor one.

Ex-Naval Officer Called Spy



Pleading not guilty at his arraignment, John S. Farnsworth, (above), lieutenant commander of the United States Navy who was dismissed in 1927 for "scandalous conduct," was held at Washington, D. C., on charges of selling U. S. naval secrets to a Japanese agent. Farnsworth has been under surveillance for a year.

Local Candidates Challenged, Report

To Be Accused of Late Fil-
ing, When Committee
Meets Here Friday

Eligibility of several candidates for county and township office is to be challenged on the ground that they failed to file their corrupt practices pledge within the 30-day deadline, when the Hempstead County Democratic Central Committee meets at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon in Hope city hall, The Star learned Thursday.

At least two candidates for representative are involved, and one or more of the justice of the peace aspirants.

Under a long-established rule the county committee filed well in advance the deadline for the closing of the candidate lists. This year it was 30 days before the primary election, and the deadline expired at 6 o'clock last Saturday night, July 11.

According to rumors reaching the newspaper at least one man plans to appear before the committee in person Friday afternoon and ask that the 30-day rule be waived.

Those in opposition to the waiving of the rule are expected to contend that any relaxing of precedent at this time would throw down the bars and allow entry of candidates into any race at any time.

The county committee Friday afternoon will draw for the position of local candidates on the Hempstead county ballot, and the candidates, meeting at the same time, will arrange the itinerary of the biennial county stamp tour, which will probably get under way next week.

Drouth Death List Over 4,000-Mark

Weather Man Again
Misses Prediction of Rain
and Cool Wave

CHICAGO.—(AP)—As a blistering sun beat down upon millions of acres of hard-baked fields in the vast Middle West Thursday forecasters saw no relief ahead from the 13-day heat wave and the prolonged aridity which has inflicted damage that crop experts estimate would exceed that of the 1934 drouth.

Total deaths from heat now exceed 4,000.

Only a spattering of rain in the drouth belt during the past 24 hours has been reported.

42 Carloads of Food

LITTLE ROCK.—(AP)—WPA Administrator Floyd Sharp said Thursday that distribution of 42 carloads of food and feed stuffs being sent to Arkansas as drouth relief will be a co-operative effort of the state WPA, R. A. the Dyess Colony corporation, and the State Public Welfare Commission.

The state's death list the past month mounted to 21 Thursday with the heat death of Ed Parker, of Georgia, at Hot Springs, and the drowning here of Rudolph Chandler, 20.

By mixing aluminum with other elements, chemists have produced alloys that have revolutionized modern transportation. Duralumin, an alloy of copper, magnesium, manganese, silicon, and aluminum, is invaluable in building new streamlined trains and airplanes.

Park Commission Recommends Paid Guard on Grounds

Suggestion to City Council
Is to Preserve Property
From Vandals

SIX OTHER ACTIONS

Vote to Request Immedi-
ate Removal of Dog-
Kennels From Park

Hope's newly-appointed City Park Commission, meeting at its first regular session Wednesday night at the home of chairman Roy Anderson, voted to recommend to the city council that a paid watchman with police authority be stationed in Fair park.

The commission's decision was based on recent expenditures by the Works Progress Administration and the City of Hope which have developed a children's playground, wading pool, tennis courts, picnic grounds and other property which will be badly damaged by vandals unless the Fair park is properly patrolled and closed up at night.

The commission adopted the following additional recommendations to the city council:

1. To create ample toilet facilities in Fair park.
2. To stock the lagoon with fish to check mosquito-breeding, and to prohibit either fishing or swimming in the lagoon.
3. To tear down one of the old Fair ground buildings and use the material in the construction of an outdoor, screened-in dining hall.
4. To set a guard rail around the playground, tennis courts, bandstand, and wading pool to keep automobiles from infringing upon them.
5. To make flower-beds at certain places in the park and otherwise beautify the grounds.
6. To have the dog-kennels vacate the park entirely.

The City Park Commission, appointed recently by Mayor Albert Graves, includes the following: Roy Anderson, chairman; Mrs. Arch Moore, Mrs. John P. Vesey, Mrs. H. Clyde Hill; and C. E. Cassidy, Terrill Cornelius and A. H. Washburn.

Allen Burns Dies at the Age of 29

Ill for Two Years—Funer-
al Service to Be Held
Probably Friday

Allen Burns, 29, died Wednesday night at the home of his father, W. A. Burns, 11 miles south of Hope just off Highway No. 29.

Although he had been ill about two years, his condition did not become serious until three weeks ago.

Mr. Burns was born and reared in the Providence community south of Hope.

Funeral and burial services will be held at Providence, probably Friday afternoon, although the time had not been definitely settled Thursday morning.

Surviving are his widow, two small children, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Burns, three sisters, Mrs. Orville Quillen, Mrs. L. D. Arnold and Mrs. Orville Stanley, two brothers, Cecil and Van Burns, all of Hempstead county.

Roman Spa Uncertained

DIJON, France.—(AP)—A third century Roman bath cure, where patients sat and gazed at pictures representing the diseases afflicting them, has been unearthed near here. Dedicated to the goddess Seguna, the bath was constructed by Celtic Gaul tribes under the direction of Romans.

Turned Brown By Brown Turner

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—(Special)—If every man, woman and child in this country would kick in with \$415 the national debt could be plowed under, somebody who is good at figures says, but under the circumstances it would be a shame to turn so many tax collectors loose on private jobs.

Won't be long now till the Republicans tip off Mr. London they've picked him as a presidential candidate. Democrats say he'd already know it if he hadn't been so busy balancing his budget with alphabet cash. Where'd the grasshoppers go?

Patten Is Speaker on Railroad Week

L. & A. Agent Describes
Giant Industry to Hope
Kiwanis Club

The giant industry of operating and maintaining railroads was outlined to members of the Hope Kiwanis club at its weekly luncheon meeting Thursday noon at Hotel Barlow by A. B. Patten, general agent of the L. & A. railway lines here.

Mr. Patten spoke on a Railroad Week program, being observed throughout the United States.

Purpose of the observation, from July 13 to 18 of the second annual railroad week, Patten said, is to promote a feeling of friendliness between employer and employee and to better acquaint the public with advancement made by the railroads.

He declared that railroads are keeping pace with progress in all lines, and constantly are making improvements in service, and are working to increase the safety of passenger trains.

Safety is of prime importance in railroad work, he declared, particularly during the last 15 years, when a minimum of accidents has occurred on class A passenger trains.

Mr. Patten said that accidents have been so reduced that in 1935 only one passenger was killed in the United States, and that he said, was caused by the explosion of a steam heater in a passenger coach.

Mr. Patten discussed the new modernization plans of the railroads, including streamlining, air-conditioning and other advancements.

The program was arranged by Wayne England.

The Rev. George F. X. Strassner, resigned pastor of Our Lady of Good Hope church, introduced his successor, the Rev. Charles F. Stanowski.

BERKELEY, Calif.—(AP)—Pointing out that at present wines are classified "according to the personal judgment of the producer," Prof. W. V. Cruess of the University of California proposes a grading system similar to that employed for canned fruits. His score cards for various types include such qualities as color, clearness, bouquet, acidity, tannin, sugar and general flavor.

Bouquets for "The Centennial"

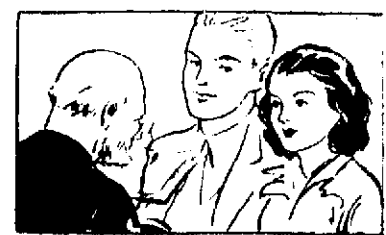
Editor The Star: I thank you for the bound copy of your Centennial Edition.

You are to be complimented upon the success of this enormous undertaking and with the exception of Section "F" am sure your subscribers appreciated, as I have, the reading of this history. Respectfully,

RANDOLPH F. HAMBY
Mayor, City of Prescott, Arizona.

Editor's Note: Section "F," our subscribers will recollect, featured the Nevada county history. Mayor Hamby wrote it. Section "F" was one of the best pieces in the whole alphabet of our Centennial Edition. If you don't believe Hon. Mr. Hamby is armed with the full facts when he does a piece of writing then you ought to go see him some time. He keeps his historical data in a steel barrel, with instructions to the night-police that should a fire break out the barrel is the first thing to be thrown out in the street. Darned convenient, this business of being mayor. I know how Hon. Mr. Hamby feels. About the time we had the "Centennial" practically all printed, assembled and stored—but not delivered—I would have liked to have had a fire-proof barrel to put 25,000 newspaper sections in.

by NARD JONES
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So Much for Love

CHAPTER I
It was 5 o'clock in the morning and Helena Derrik, attired in a white swim suit, was poised for a dive. In another moment, using her lithe body as a knife, she would slit the water below her. But just now she stood thinking how nice it was to be 20 and full of health.

And . . . in love.
She described a graceful arc and left scarcely a ripple to mark the spot where that arc had terminated. Then, far out from the lake shore,

the smart white rubber cap appeared on the surface. Helena's arms, looking longer than they were, began a perfect rhythmic stroke that brought her to the float again. Easily she hoisted herself from the water and began smoothing out her suit, squeezing little rivulets of lake water down her flawless legs.

Wading ashore from the float, Helena stooped to retrieve a bright coolie jacket from the sand. Swinging it around her shoulders, she

started off at a run toward the big lodge which was set back from the lake in the cool shadows of the towering trees.

"Well!" she heard a voice remark. "I thought I was the early bird—but I perceive I'm just a lazy piker!"

She looked up to see Peter Henderson watching her from the veranda of the lodge. He stood, tall and handsome, with a robe of toweling wrapped around his athletic frame.

Even in the weak sun of dawn, Peter's thick blond hair shone attractively. Involuntarily, Helena slowed her pace, conscious of a queer feeling around her heart. "It's so absurd that he can do this to me," she told herself. "I've known him hardly 24 hours . . ."

Absurd, perhaps, but it was true. She was head over heels in love with Peter Henderson. She had been attracted to him from the first moment of their meeting, and during the ensuing hours, in which they had been much to-

gether, this attraction had come to be something more. Of course it was foolish. Helena had assured herself that it was. She had met Peter Henderson on a Friday morning. No, this was Saturday morning—and she was in love with him!

Nevertheless, Helena Derrik knew such things did happen. So why not to her? "But I'd better be careful," she had warned her-

Continued on Page Five

Hope Star

O Justice, Deliver Thy Herald From False Report!

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Your Baby's Health

By DR. MORRIS FISHEIN
Editor, Journal of the American Medical Association, and of Hygiene, the Health Magazine

When your child gets an infected ear, call the doctor. That is the first thing to do, when a tender area of the head as the human ear is concerned.

Even if the simple matter of cleaning the baby's ears, you must be extremely careful, and you should know the proper technique to use so as not to harm the baby. It is safe enough to go further, and wash out accumulated and hardened wax or other material that may have gotten into the ear by accident.

For this purpose, use a solution of boric acid—two teaspoonfuls to a pint of water. Old hot water bottles which have been lying about in closets, and which have filled all sorts of purposes, should not be used until they have had a thorough cleaning by repeated rinsings with boiling water. The tube attached to the bag also should be cleaned before any attempt is made to wash the ear. The hard rubber tip should be cleaned thoroughly in alcohol.

The bag filled with the solution may be hung at a height of about six feet from the floor. If the child is betreated is sitting on a bed or a chair, this will give a fall of about three feet, which is sufficient pressure for the purpose. If more pressure is used, there may be pain from the force of the solution against the eardrum or the inflamed tissue.

If a large syringe filled with water or with the boric acid solution is used, the tip should be held at an angle so that the water will not strike directly against the eardrum, but against the side wall of the tube leading to the eardrum.

Temperature of the solution should be tested by dipping the elbow into the water, or by dropping some of the solution on the inside of the wrist. If it is too warm for the elbow or wrist, it is too warm for the ear, and is likely to be painful.

The head may be bent so that the water will run in and out. However, if there is much hardened wax in the ear, more force may be used to loosen it than is ordinarily necessary for washing the ear canal.

Repeated washing with warm water will take care of such conditions. When the canal is inflamed, washing three or four times a day with a lukewarm solution will help.

Your Children

By Olive Roberts Barton

I believe the time has come to "fix" children's ideals for them; to tell them in not-too-uncertain terms what is worth while and what isn't.

Parents may differ in what they think worth while, but in the main they will agree. Anyway, it's the best that can be done.

For instance, it used to be that children were told it was necessary to take a bath once Saturday night, save their best shoes and hats for Sunday School (and Sunday School it had to be), to read Pilgrim's Progress, Black Beauty and Louisa Alcott, to save each penny, eat their crusts, turn the other cheek and help with the dishes.

No Half-Way Issues

Life was a square dividend and subdivided into little squares, each of which bore a motto. "Do this," or "Don't do that." Children grew up as most children do and some began to think for themselves. "What if I don't do all the things the old folks taught me? I guess I have to live my own life." This couldn't be helped.

A percentage in time became prodigal; some forgot to be meek, some followed the bright lights and some found the gutter. But many remained loyal. As for the others they knew what was right and often returned to it. Of such stuff is conscience made. The famous prodigal returned, partly because he was hungry, but mostly because he knew his Dad was right. Saved, by his early-taught ethics.

Barriers Are Gone

Today's days, jammed so full of what-not and change, seem to be robbing children of their walls. I don't mean that parents are neglecting but they themselves are victims of conditions. One day an orator convinces them that short of killing there is no sin. Another day they're told that beauty of life consists chiefly in enlarging talent at all cost. Another day the "regimented" life is stifling. There are as many different points of view as there are sunsets. It's a fact that many parents are muddling through this chaos of versatile brains and don't know what to do about the children, so they don't do anything at all. There are plenty of Topsyies today.

I think the old way was a good way, full of mistakes though it was. It was a bit pinching here and full of holes there, but in the main, all children learned their code. And certainly that is better than none at all.

Neuroses are usually a result of being tossed between conflicts. Very few people ever turned neurotic in the old days when yarn samplers said this was right and that was wrong. People had their laws of life fixed for them as children, and lived those laws pretty well. Maybe they became narrow, or crabbed in certain cases, but they didn't go crazy.

Children Need Guiding

Children need things to tie to. Daily custom and daily precept should come back into style, changed to suit the present, but that is all. In short, they need to be held. They need to have some things engraved deep on their minds that will always be there; simple things, but immutable. Things to grow up with and come back to, even though they do go up a valley now and then on their own.

Some will say it can't be wise because it accents the "guilt" complex when anything goes wrong. This is its weak place. But I figure that that may as well be unsettled over "guilt" as over "conflicts," the ternal choosing between standards that are no standards at all. We have become so vague about standards. I think we must give the child very clear-cut ideals to live on.

His best friends are his doctor and his dentist. He'll walk around a golf course with Bing Crosby. Andy Deane, or Dick Arlen, but won't play. He likes to cook Italian dishes, but is the only one who dreads eat the result.

He is the sloppiest dresser in the film colony, and almost never attends a party. He stamps white horses, and spits in his hat when he sees a cross-eyed man.

Impulsive, he may decide at 3 o'clock some morning to fly to San Francisco. So he routs out Paul Mantz, a stunt pilot "who has been trying to kill me for years," and they're off within an hour in a chartered plane. Once he started for San Francisco on a ship, but enjoyed the company of the captain and first mate so much that he remained aboard for three successive round trips.

Slam is tone deaf, and was terrified when he had to sing in three of his recent pictures. The singing was so bad it was funny.

That wasn't his voice, however, that you heard in the Sextet-from-Lucia business in "Captain January." It was dubbed in.

The time came on the day the radio carried a premature announcement of his death. He sat by the telephone for 12 solid hours shouting "Boo!" at all callers.

A Book a Day

By Bruce Catton

This modern world hasn't much in common with the bright world of pagan antiquity; and while we take it for granted that the change has been all for the better, there are ways in which the comparison makes us look very bad indeed.

The comparison is offered, in a gentle and amusing satire, by James Laver in his new novel, "Fanie Among Puritans" (Farrar and Rinehart \$2.50).

Mr. Laver shows us the old gods coming to modern London to see if the up-to-date world is a fit place in which to live. For a month they pop up here and there in the British metropolis, bringing utmost dismay to the honest citizens and complete disillusionment to themselves.

Venus falls in with a dandified stockbroker-about-town who pines himself on being a great lover, and leaves him a much sadder and wiser man. Jupiter meets a blond gold digger, descends on her in a shower of gold, and almost wrecks her. Diana hunts in vain for spirited young virgins to join her circle of huntresses. Apollo appears at a meeting of a poet-

Hollywood

By Paul Harrison

HOLLYWOOD—Slim Summerville hasn't bothered to figure out a philosophy of humor. He acts according to a simple formula—plays his role straight and takes them very seriously. The astonishing result is that fans whoop in high glee and movie makers offer more and bigger contracts for his signature.

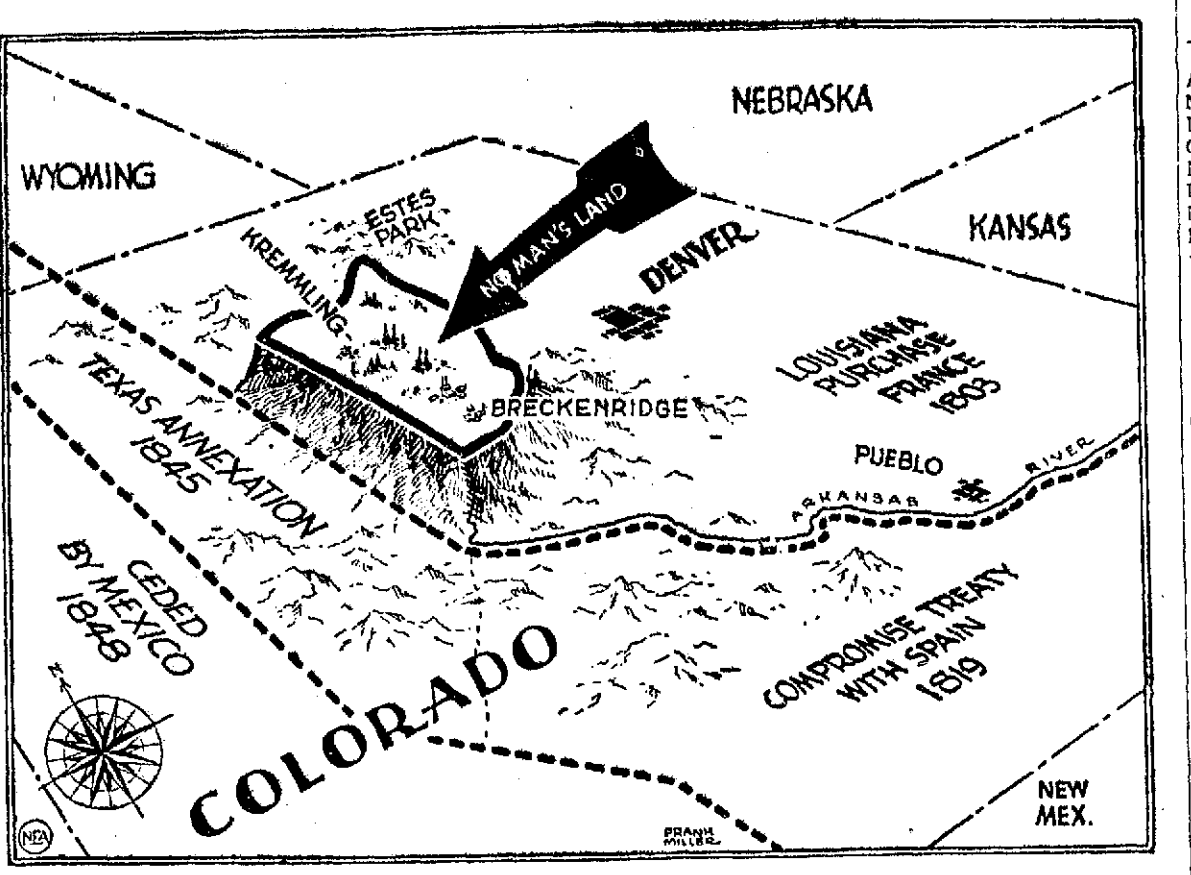
These marvels have been taking place for 23 years, since the gangling Summerville squeezed into the uniform of a Keystone cop and ambled on a set to meet his first pic. He acted.

He is a society and struts his lyre in a tune the modern poets cannot understand.

And in the end the gods decide that the modern world is a terrible sort of place—hypocritical, spiritless, repressed, unhealthy, and morbid. One and all, they hurry back to Olympus, saying the Olympian equivalent of "Phooey."

All but Mars. The modern world, he says, is made to order for him. He has never seen anything like it. He'll stick around.

U. S. at Last to Take Over Colorado No Man's Land



In the 1500-square-mile area outlined in the map above, thriving towns and prosperous ranches have owed no allegiance to any government for decades. In this No Man's Land they have formed a little nation apart, but they soon will come under the flag of the United States.

Yankee Manager Rooting for Cubs

McCarthy Wants Revenge Upon Chicago in a World Series

By FAP
Associated Press Writer

With the New York Yankees riding high, wide and handsome at the head of the American League parade, and the Chicago Cubs threatening to repeat their National League pennant triumph of last year, the possible meeting between these rivals in the World Series looks mighty intriguing. It would be a "natural." A renewal of the battles which took place in 1932 would be particularly pleasing to both parties. And especially to Manager Joe McCarthy of the New York Yankees.

If there is one team in the National League McCarthy would enjoy meeting and beating—in the World Series, that team is the Chicago Cubs. It is only natural that McCarthy should welcome a chance to show off before his friends in Chicago and at the same time strike back at the second guessers who were responsible, in a measure, for his departure from Wrigley field.

There have been changes in the personnel of both teams. Most of the old Chicago men have changed uniforms or have passed out of the big show, but there are still plenty of old-timers on hand who would welcome an opportunity to avenge the four straight trimmings the Yankees forced down their throats in '32—fellows like Manager Charlie Grimm, Gabby Hartnett and Charlie Root.

No Outlandish Raids Now

The Cubs haven't forgotten the humiliation they suffered at the hands of the Yankees—and, of Babe Ruth in particular. The Bambino added insult to injury when he called his shots and made good his boasts at the expense of Chicago pitchers. There would be no chance to even that little score, for the big fellow is out of the game. But there would be plenty of satisfaction to be gained by turning the tables on the Yankees.

Nothing would delight McCarthy more than to lead his Yankee team, with its 1936 edition of Murderer's Row, into the Cubs' lair, Wrigley field. Whether the present crew is as devastating as the pummeling band—Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Bob Meusel and company—is an open question, but the 1936 Yankees have shown that they pack plenty of dynamite in their bats.

In the recent all-star game Charlie Grimm led the National leaguers to victory over their American League rivals with Joe McCarthy holding the control. McCarthy took the defeat in good grace but one could almost imagine him plotting a neat bit of revenge should the Cubs and Yankees meet in the series this fall.

McCarthy left Chicago with some feeling of resentment in his heart. That was understandable, for he felt that he had not been given a fair deal... that he was being blamed for things over which he had no control. Perhaps his grievances were real, perhaps imaginary. In any event, the appointment of Rogers Hornsby to his former post never sat so very well with Joe.

McCarthy Roots For Cubs

While McCarthy is unwilling to claim the pennant for his Yankees at this stage of the race and is doing everything possible to keep the machine rolling along at top speed, it is no secret that he, in his heart, is pulling for the Cubs to top the National leaguers. He would be terribly disappointed if the little meeting did not materialize, and he had no opportunity to present the little (and big) surprise he has been planning for his former charges.

There is another member of the Yankees who is walking around with his fingers crossed and hoping that the Yankees and Cubs hook up in the World Series. He is Pat Malone, the veteran relief hurler. McCarthy picked Malone up after the Cubs had passed him on to the St. Louis Cardinals, who, in turn, cast him adrift. There is little likelihood that Pat would have an opportunity to face his former teammates unless it be as a relief hurler. Even that humble role would be appreciated by Malone.

The Standings

SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION

Club	W.	L.	Pct.
Atlanta	59	32	.648
Nashville	53	40	.570
Birmingham	48	43	.527
Chattanooga	46	43	.517
New Orleans	41	48	.461
Little Rock	41	48	.461
Memphis	37	54	.407
Knoxville	37	54	.407

Wednesday's Results
Chattanooga 5, Memphis 4.
Atlanta 3, New Orleans 2.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Club	W.	L.	Pct.
Chicago	50	29	.633
St. Louis	50	31	.617
Pittsburgh	44	37	.543
Cincinnati	41	38	.519
New York	41	41	.500
Boston	39	43	.476
Philadelphia	31	49	.388
Brooklyn	27	55	.329

Wednesday's Results
Chicago 2, Boston 0.
Philadelphia 5, St. Louis 4.
Pittsburgh 5-4, New York 4-1.
Cincinnati 5, Brooklyn 3.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Club	W.	L.	Pct.
New York	54	28	.659
Cleveland	45	37	.549
Detroit	45	38	.542
Cleveland	44	38	.537
Boston	45	39	.536
Chicago	40	40	.500
Philadelphia	28	51	.354
St. Louis	24	54	.308

Wednesday's Results
New York 1-5, Detroit 5-4.
Chicago 6, Washington 4.
Cleveland 6, Philadelphia 4.
Boston 11-9, St. Louis 3-1.

New Hope

There will be a pie supper given by New Hope singing school Wednesday night at W. F. Cannon's store.

We are glad to have Miss Inez Ferguson, from Oakland, attend our singing school.

We are sorry that Mr. Wimberg is sick.

Con Ottwell is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Reece Arrington.

Floyd Hockett was the Saturday night and Sunday guest of Miss Dora and Nona Mangum.

Miss Marie and Oma Lee Owens spent the week end with Miss Dora and Nona Mangum.

Miss Mae and Tee Robert were Saturday night and Sunday guests of Miss Irene and Gladen Morton.

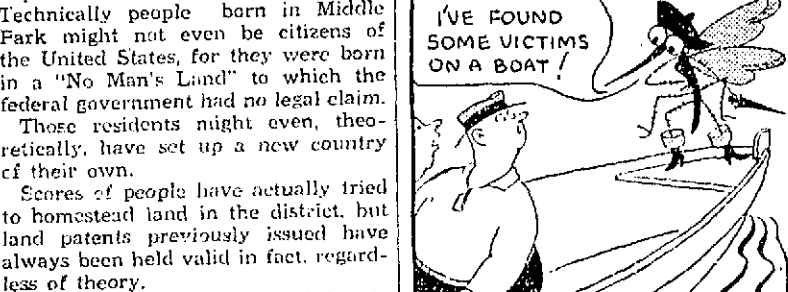
Miss Christian Garrett is spending this week with Miss Clara and Florine Parris.

Tullie Hair was Saturday night guest of Conley Polke.

Miss Muri Murkey and other girls spent Sunday with Miss Vivian Schooley.

John Ross returned home with his son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Ross of Waco, Texas, where he will spend a week visiting.

GUS GULFSPRAY



Technically, a foreign nation could have laid claim to the area, and perhaps launched a navy on Grand Lake. Technically people born in Middle West might not even be citizens of the United States, for they were born in a "No Man's Land" to which the federal government had no legal claim.

Those residents might even, theoretically, have set up a new country of their own.

Scores of people have actually tried to homestead land in the district, but land patents previously issued have always been held valid in fact, regardless of theory.

The strange status of the Colorado "No Man's Land" is an incident in the gradual extension of United States territory.

When the Louisiana Purchase was made in 1803, this land lay outside its limits. When Spain ceded its southwestern territories in 1819, and later affirmed the cession in 1845, it wasn't included, either.

This "lost" strip lay between the two ceded territories. No Indian treaty mentions it, either as claimed or ceded by the tribes. Though U. S. army troops often marched across it, they never established a post there.

The ceremonial in August which will formally "annex" the territory will be largely a formality, but it will forever settle any controversy over the claims of present property holders, and silence forever the arguments of the contentious over citizenship and possible foreign intrusion.

When the flag flies at Breckenridge, all Colorado will have been made safe for the United States.

Scot Claims Wave Record
BELLSHILL, Scotland.—(AP)—What he claims is world's record time for permanent waves has been set by Leonard H. Clacey, a barber here. Timed by stop-watches, Clacey completed a permanent wave in 12 minutes, 32.4 seconds. The old record, he said, was 14 minutes, 35 seconds, made by M. Christian, a French barber.

No Set Starter
STERLING, Okla.—(AP)—J. T. Fryman, farmer, did away with motor trouble with his new one mule power auto. He hitched a mule to his old model car.

Aside from the aspect of his own participation in the World Series against Charlie Grimm and his Cubs, it would delight Malone no end to see his present teammates in there trying to knock the stuffings out of the Cubs' hurling staff. Pat just smiles when he thinks what would happen if Ghrig, Di Maggio, Dickey, Lazzeri, Crossetti, Selkirk and others of the Yankee cast were to start swinging their big bats against the offerings of Warneke, French, Carleton, Davis and company. Four straight for the Yankees—just as in 1932—is Malone's hope.

Phonograph Holds Voices of Famous

Queen Victoria, Gladstone Among Those Recorded on Old Cylinder

LONDON.—(AP)—Public performance of a record containing personal congratulations of Queen Victoria to the late Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia, on his attaining independent sovereignty, has reportedly been banned by high official quarters because of possible political repercussions.

Made more than 40 years ago, the record, mildewed and covered with fungus, was recently found with a number of other old cylinders by a member of the Edison-Bell firm, pioneers in the phonograph industry.

Its identity was at first doubted but it proved its authenticity.

Two copies of the record were made. One was taken by Baron Ronnell of Rodd to Abyssinia. Queen Victoria ordered the other destroyed, but a duplicate was preserved in case the copy intended for Menelik went astray.

By re-recording this duplicate record has been amplified and clarified and was to have been broadcast before the official ban was placed upon it.

Other voice-cylinders discovered were those of General Booth, Prince Louis Napoleon, Lord Roseberry and William Ewart Gladstone.

"The big mouth is best for kissing," says a film cameraman. Any baby knows that, who has survived an election campaign.

We are pretty good at "handles," the new fad, but find it difficult to decide what it means when a woman waves her hand from an auto window.

Amelia Earhart says a hangover is much worse in a plane. There is always the temptation to bust out without bothering with the parachute.

Great Britain would like the U. S. to join her in achieving collective security. That may have to wait, though, until the latter begins collecting securities.

"Wifehood is a state not lightly to be approached." Two others, for jobless itinerants at least, are California and Colorado.

Political Announcements

The Star is authorized to announce the following as candidates subject to the action of the Hempstead county Democratic primary election August 11, 1936:

For Representative
EMORY A. THOMPSON
LUKE MONROE
LUKE D. CLARK
JOHN P. VESEY

For Sheriff & Collector
FRANK WARD

For County & Probate Judge
RUFFIN WHITE
FRANK RIDER

For County Treasurer
CLIFFORD FRANKS
H. M. STEPHENS
MISS LILLIE MIDDLEBROOKS

For Circuit Clerk
ARTHUR C. ANDERSON
RALPH BAILEY
W. A. FORMBY

INSURE NOW!

With ROY ANDERSON and Company Fire, Tornado, Accident Insurance.

LUM and ABNER Endorse "Crip" HALL for Secretary of State



June 29th, 1936

Mr. C.G. "Crip" Hall
316 N. Schiller Ave.,
Little Rock, Arkansas

Dear Crip:—

Ordinary we don't take no hand in politics, but when we heard you was runnin' for secretary of the State we jist couldn't hop wishin' we was back down home to vote at least twice for you.

We had a notion when we was scholars together at the University that they'd come a day when you'd be a leader of the great commonwealth of Arkansas, and here's wishin' you every success in the world.

Your old friends,
Lum and Abner

TAKE A TIP—WIN WITH "CRIP"

Over 105,000 Votes for Secretary of State in 1934

Never Held Any Public Office

C. G. ("Crip") Hall for Secretary of State

Take a Tip — Win With "Crip"

—Advertisement—

Modern Mermaid

Answer to Previous Puzzle

22 This — requires training.

25 She holds many —

26 Small islands.

28 Crystalline substance.

30 Lubricant.

31 Sash.

32 Grazed.

34 Part of "be."

35 To obtain.

36 Fish.

40 To expand.

43 Roll of film.

44 To depend.

45 Slender.

46 Branches.

47 Form of "a."

48 Musical note.

49 Part of "be."

50 Hastened.

51 Kafir warrior.

52 Spread of an arch.

56 Stop.

57 Above.

59 Suk god.

60 No good.

2 To jump.

3 Devours.

4 On the lee.

5 Northeast.

6 Eyes.

8 Fervent.

9 Musical note.

10 Rodents.

11 To eject.

12 Tissue.

13 Transposed.

18 Exclamation.

19 Tone B.

20 Half an cm.

54 Soul.

55 Little devil.

56 Gaseous element.

58 To cut out.

61 She won the 1932 — back-stroke event.

62 Guiding.

VERTICAL

1 Sound of inquiry.

22 This — requires training.

25 She holds many —

26 Small islands.

28 Crystalline substance.

30 Lubricant.

31 Sash.

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VERTICAL

1 Sound of inquiry.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

with . . . Major Hoople

EGAD, THIS WILL STAMP ME AS THE GREATEST SCIENTIST OF ALL TIME—I WILL SEND A SAMPLE OF MY IMPROVED BEE TO THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY—HAR-R-RUMF—NOW TO EXTRACT A HEALTHY SPECIMEN FROM THE IMPRISONED SWARM, FOR MY EXPERIMENT

THE OLD COOT HAS A BUZZ IN HIS SKULL TO MAKE CARRIER BEES OUT OF THE DRONES—TH' WORKERS GATHER THE HONEY AND THE IDLERS PACK IT HOME TO THE HIVES!

THE MAJOR OUGHT TO KNOW HOW! HE HAS PLENTY OF BEE IN HIM! HE'S STUNG ALL OF US!

PUTTING THE BEE ON HOOPLE

OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS

GOOD GOSH! THAT'S THE WORK OF GANGSTERS! A ONE-WAY RIDE! WE'VE WALKED INTO A CRIME, HERE!

YOU COULDN'T OF SAID IT'S A PICKNICKER, ER A DRUNK, ER TAKIN' A NAD—NOW WE MAY NEVER KNOW, UNLESS YOU GOT AS MUCH NERVE AS MOUTH

OH, HE'S RUINED YEARS OF MY LIFE—I'LL BE WATCHIN' TH' PAPER FER YEARS TO SEE IF THEY'VE FOUND A BODY, ER SKELETON

ME, TOO! IT'S TOO BAD WE TURN OFF HERE!

HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

The Very Idea

ISN'T BOOTS A DARLING? SHE WAS TELLING ME ABOUT JIM—SHE HAD DINNER WITH HIM DOWNTOWN

SHE WAS SIMPLY STARVED, BUT SHE KNEW JIM WAS SHORT ON CASH, SO SHE JUST ORDERED A SANDWICH

THEN WHEN THEY GOT HOME, SHE TOOK HIM OUT TO THE KITCHEN—AND, DID THEY FEAST!!! THEY SIMPLY CLEANED OUT THE REFRIGERATOR! SHE'S SO THOUGHTFUL AND CONSIDERATE

INDEED! AND IF I SHOULD WANT A TID-BIT BEFORE RETIRING, I SUPPOSE I CAN JUST GO DOWN TO THE DELICATESSEN

OH, STEPHEN—DON'T BE SO SELF-CENTERED! WHY DON'T YOU THINK OF OTHERS?

I DO! AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'M THINKING PLENTY OF OTHERS—TWO OF THEM, AT LEAST, THIS VERY MINUTE

Sweet Home

Misses Neva Mildred and Irma Lee Robinson were Sunday dinner guests of Mrs. Ches. Prince.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Wren and baby spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Crider.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers and little son spent Sunday with his mother Mrs. C. Rogers and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonah Terry and little sons Byron and Bobby spent Friday night and Saturday with relatives near Spring Hill.

Mrs. Cora Gilbert and little son Phillip Darnell of Old Liberty is spending this week with her father, Mr. Stophs and family.

Miss Margaret Honeycutt of Shover Springs was the Friday night guest of Misses Gene and Mittie Ree Rogers.

Miss Virginia Galloway left Saturday for Texas, where she will spend a few weeks with her father, Edgar Ballaway.

Mrs. Maud Ross and little daughter Mary Jo, called on her daughter, Mrs. Herman Bruce and baby Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Allen and children called on Mr. and Mrs. Dock Yarberry Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Charlie Rogers and little daughter Jay, spent Monday and Tuesday with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Will Brown near Emmet.

Miss Majorie Malone was the Sunday dinner guest of Miss Alta Bruce.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Robinson and Mr. and Mrs. Ben Robinson spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Clark of Boughton.

The party given by Misses Mildred and Irma Lee Robinson last Tuesday night was enjoyed by a large crowd.

Misses Mary Wanda Fretree and Christine Martin spent Sunday with Miss Uma Stophs.

A large crowd from this community enjoyed a swim at the Pines Sunday afternoon.

The party given by Misses Mildred and Irma Lee Robinson last Tuesday night was enjoyed by a large crowd.

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ALLEY OOP

Wur Gets Tough

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF OF ME, YOU BIG APE—CAN I HELP IT IF YOUR DUMB GUARDS GET THEIR HEADS CRACKED IN MY CAVE?

I WELL, MEBBE NOT—BUT SUMPIN LOOKS FISHY TO ME—HEY, KING WUR—TH' MOOVIAN.

THEY HAVE ESCAPED INTO TH' SWAMPS, SO HIDEANCE! WITH TH' THREE SAWALLIANS YOU DETAILED TO GUARD THEM

HUH! GOOD RIDDANCE! IF YOU ASK EH? I KNEW ME, ID THERE WAS TREASON IN THIS! YOUR TROUBLES WERE OVER!

SO YOU THINK MY TROUBLES ARE OVER, DO YUH? WELL I AINT SO SURE YOURS ARE—HANG ONTO HER MEN—

AND IF SHE GETS LOOSE—I'LL PERSONALLY BUST YOUR SKULLS! I'M GOING AFTER THOSE MOOVIAN RUMMIES!

WASH TUBBS

Wash Is Excited

WHAT THE BLINKING BLUE BLAZES YOU DOING WITH A BED?

I'M HANDCUFFED TO IT, YOU IDIOT, UNLOCK ME, WILLIE ZAPAT'S TH' GUY, I CAUGHT 'IM IN TH' ACT OF BLOWIN' UP THAT BRIDGE.

BUT HE GOT AWAY! HE'S OUT TO KILL JOE PICKET, FOR TH' LUVVA MIKE, EASY, DON'T LET JOE GET NEAR ANY NITROGLYCERINE OR—

HOLY SMOKE! HE'S CARRYING SIX QUARTS OF THE STUFF RIGHT NOW.

THEN TELL 'IM TO DROP IT, WE GOTTA FIND ZARAT!

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

Slightly Mixed

TAGALONG, DON'T GET YOUR FEET WET... AND DO WHAT FRECKLES TELLS YOU... GOODBYE!!

I WILL, MOM... GOODBYE!

ARE YOU SURE YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE MOTOR IN REVERSE, NUTTY?

SURE! MR. BLICK SAID STRAIGHT AHEAD ON THIS LEVER WAS FORWARD... AND STRAIGHT BACK WAS REVERSE!

I DON'T CARE WHAT MR. BLICK SAID... THE SCENERY IS GOIN' THE WRONG WAY! TRY THE LEVER THE OTHER WAY!

WELL, I PULLED IT BACK, AND WE'RE MOVING EVEN FASTER IN REVERSE! WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IS WRONG? GO AND TAKE A LOOK!!

GOSH ALL FISH-HOOKS, OSSIE... WHEN WE LEFT THE PIER I GAVE YOU ORDERS TO TUG ON THAT TIE-LINE!

I THOUGHT YOU SAID TO TIE ON THAT TUG LINE!

MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE

A Surprise Shot

ALTHOUGH STILL UNDER SUSPICION HIMSELF, JACK OFFERS TO AID CAPTAIN KARNAK IN UNRAVELING THE MYSTERY OF THE SECRET TOMB

BUT, MR. LANE—YOUR SUGGESTION TO OPEN THE SARCOPHAGUS OF ROHATER IS ABSURD—THAT HASN'T BEEN DISTURBED FOR CENTURIES—EVEN SIR EDMOND...

THAT'S JUST THE POINT, CAPTAIN—WE DON'T KNOW FOR CERTAIN HE HADN'T OPENED IT—BESIDES, HE WAS ALONE IN THE TOMB AT THE TIME OF HIS... ACCIDENT!

WOULD HUMBLY SUGGEST APPREHENDING HYSTER BEFORE GOING FURTHER—SECRET TOMB, TO DATE, VERY UNHEALTHY PLACE!

IT MAY BE EXCEEDING MY AUTHORITY BUT I MUST CONFESS YOU HAVE AROUSED MY CURIOSITY! AS TO HYSTER, I WILL HAVE HIM ACCOMPANY US TO THE TOMB—THEN THERE CAN BE NO TRICKERY

BUT AT THAT INSTANT A SHOT RINGS OUT! FIRED AT A DISTANCE, FROM ABOVE, THE BULLET ZIPS THROUGH THE TARBOOSH OF THE EGYPTIAN CAPTAIN!

IT SEEMS SOMEONE DOESN'T WANT US TO RETURN TO THE TOMB—

STORIES IN STAMPS

By I. S. Klein

PROTECTOR OF URUGUAY

The government at Buenos Aires, in 1726, sent seven families across the river Plata to found the city of Montevideo, later capital of Uruguay. From among these settlers arose Jose Gervasio Artigas, powerful, intrepid leader of a ragged people who were continually being oppressed by the Spanish and Portuguese.

When revolt struck South America in 1810, Artigas, then 46, led an army against Montevideo, headquarters of the Spanish governor. Everywhere his countrymen acclaimed him, and his army increased in size, but when the Portuguese came to help the Spanish rout the rebels, Artigas fled.

Then began a grand exodus of 13,000 men, women, and children under Artigas, across the Uruguay river to Argentina, where for five years he ruled as a free protector. When the Portuguese turned against the Spanish, they opened the way for Artigas' return. But his lieutenants betrayed him, his people and his army were poverty-stricken, and the Portuguese troops again attacked him. Too weak and too old to resist, he fled to Paraguay, where he died at the age of 83.

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MARKET PLACE

Remember, the more you tell, the quicker you sell.

1 time, 10c line, min. 30c

For consecutive insertions, minimum of 3 lines in one ad

3 times, 6c line, min. 50c

6 times, 5c line, min. 90c

25 times, 3 1/2c line, min. \$2.75

(Average 5 1/2 words to the line)

NOTE—Want ads will be accepted with the understanding that the bill is payable on presentation of statement, before the first publication.

Phone 765

WANTED TO TRADE

WANTED TO TRADE—Two 1,000-pound mares for two 900-pound mules. Paul Dudley, Washington. 15-31c

MALE HELP WANTED

MAN WANTED for Rayleigh Route of 800 families. Write today, Rayleigh's, Dept. AKG-118-SA, Memphis, Tenn. 14-31p

AVAILABLE AT ONCE, Rayleigh Route of 800 families. Only reliable men need apply. Can earn \$25 or more weekly. No cash required. Write today, Rayleigh's, Dept. AKG-119-Z, Memphis, Tenn.

WANTED TO BUY

WANTED TO BUY—Will buy watermelons every day. Pay cash day or night. Tom Carrel, 413 South Main Street. 7-13-26p

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Nice cool comfortable apartments, with private baths. Close in. 413 South Main St. 7-12p

FOR RENT—Furnished apartment. Mrs. Walter Locke, 314 Shover street. Phone 403-W. 15-31c

LOST

LOST—Money on downtown streets Saturday, July 11, Reward for return to W. M. Hart.

PERSONAL

Alabama, Hindu Clairvoyant has moved from Happy Hollow to 433 Whittington—Next to Crystal Cave, Hot Springs, Arkansas. 14-f-c

FOR SALE

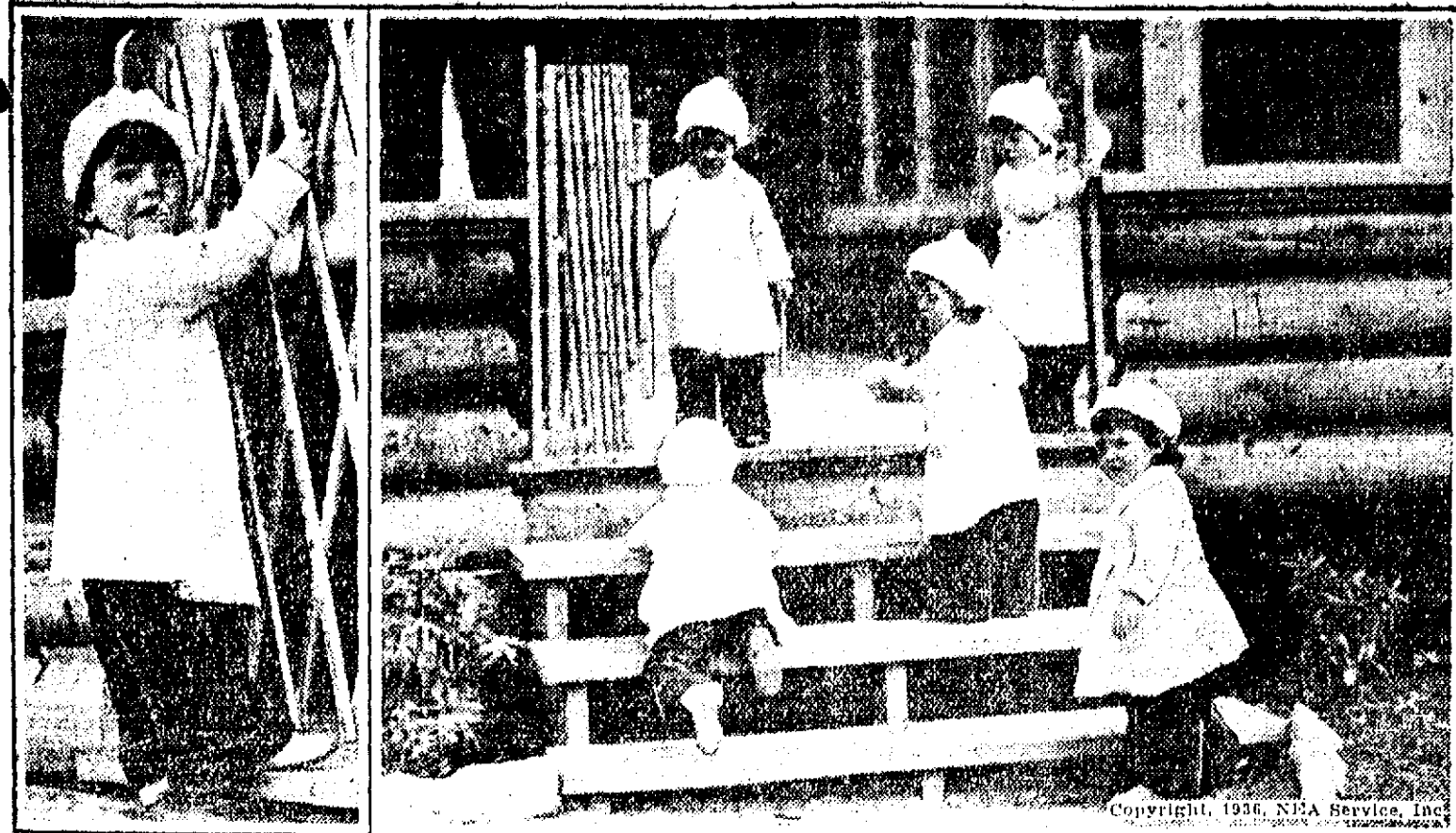
FOR SALE—Male fox terrier puppy, six weeks old. Phone 34. 8-31c

FOR SALE—100 English White Leghorn pullets and 2 Queens, 400 egg capacity, incubators. See Cecil W. Sewell, Route 5, Prescott, Ark. 13-61p

SLIGHTLY USED—One Black & Decker Bench Grinder, value \$38.00 now for \$10.00. One ceiling fan in good condition. A few good used batteries. Four 600x17 Tires A-1 condition. Automotive Supply Co. 16-61c

FOR SALE—Elberta Peaches, \$1.00 per bushel at the orchard. H. W. Timberlake, Washington, Ark.

You Can See the Quins, but They Can't See You... While at Play!



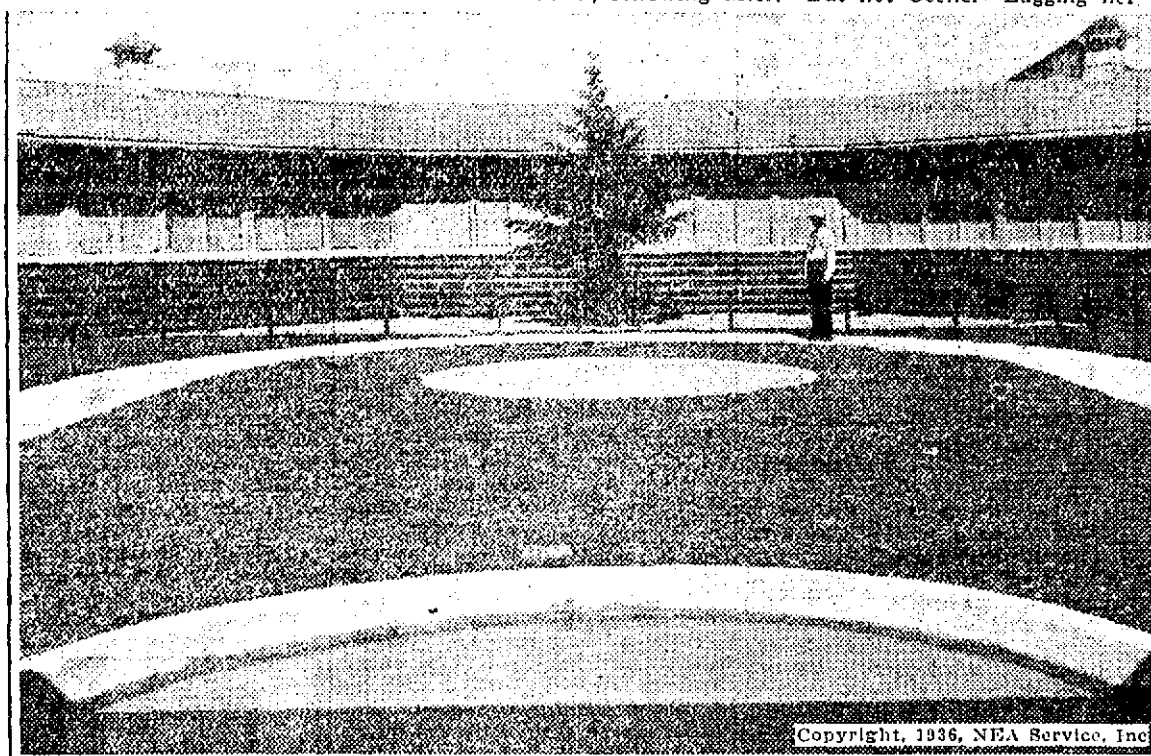
From that tantalizing expression worn by Emilie Dionne, at left, you just know she has something up her sleeve; or, rather, behind that gate. And, since anybody knows what's lacking in a picture of one quintuplet, the answer's not hard to guess. Sure enough—the rest of the sister act make their appearance; but something seems to have gone wrong. Maybe the babies intended to show their friends how easily they could walk down those steps, and little Marie backed down at the last minute. Cecile, left, and Emilie, on the porch; Yvonne, on the step, and Annette, at right, all seem upset over Marie's action.



Fresh air and sunshine is good for babies, the quins have learned from Dr. Dafoe. So what is more natural than that they should give their teddybears the same treatment! Hugging her pet firmly to her, Annette, at left, heads for the inviting hospital lawn. From the vantage point of her wheelbarrow, Marie supervises transportation of the cubs by overburdened Yvonne. After studying the matter a few moments, Emilie solved the problem of how to get those chubby teddybears down the steep steps. She just simply tossed them down, following after. But not Cecile. Lugging her furry playmate, she crawls patiently down the steps, to the yard.



The Dionnes' new playhouse, featuring "The Five Little Quins at Play," certainly is packing 'em in this summer. As shown above, long queues of tourists, these days, are streaming eagerly into the crescent-shaped structure, the courtyard of which is a luxurious playground for the babies. Built on the grounds of the Dafoe hospital, the playhouse contains a boudoir for the quintuplets, a store room for their playthings, and an observation gallery from which they can be seen at play.



Here is the stage on which, unknowingly, the Dionne quintuplets will play to a great invisible, inaudible audience this summer. As the babies frolic on the lawn and in the circular sandpit, or wade in the shallow pool, in foreground, their antics will be eyed by chuckling tourists. Glass and aluminum-sprayed wire screening will prevent the Misses Dionne from seeing or hearing their audience, lined behind windows of the observation pavilion, shown at rear. A guard stands by the pine tree.



... and did you see Emilie get that sandpail from Marie? Isn't Yvonne a minx, though? ... It's pretty certain that tourists, smiling reminiscently as they leave the pavilion, as shown above, are exchanging some such observations. And that friends back home soon will be regaled with amusing, first-hand stories of "quin-isms."

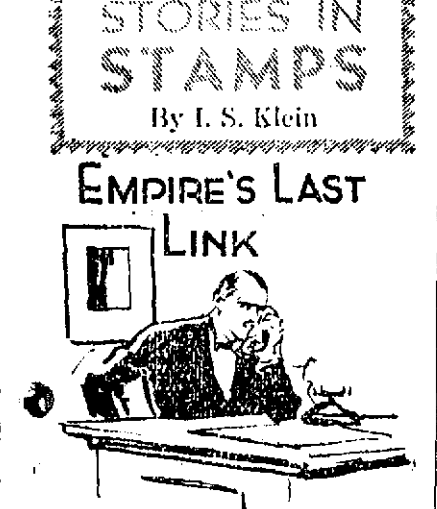
Girl's Mutilation Story Is Declared to Be False

WASHINGTON, — (AP) — Detective Chief Thompson Thursday termed absolutely groundless the story of Jean Bell that she was mutilated and left to die in a gas-filled apartment by New York gangsters.

Two men held in the case were released after she had failed to identify them.

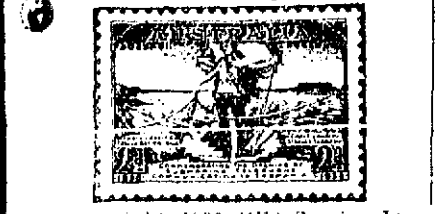
Judges determine good wine by means of the triple test: appearance, smell, and taste.

Lake Superior is larger than South Carolina.



STORIES IN STAMPS
By I. S. Klein
EMPIRE'S LAST LINK

RISING from the waters on a huge shell, Amphitrite, goddess of the sea, wields her trident and completes the last link of communication between the vast British Empire and its distant island of Tasmania. Today a six-circuit telephone cable lies on the floor of Bass Strait, and connects that "Island State" to the mainland of Australia by voice and radio. And by this link, inhabitants may talk to persons in America, England, and Europe by merely raising the receiver.



(Copyright, 1936, NEA Service, Inc.)

SO MUCH FOR LOVE - - by Nard Jones

Copyright 1936
NEA Service Inc.



Helena
(Continued from page one)

self during the sleepless night. "This is the first time I've been away from the store—really away from it—and it may be that I'm a little giddy!"

It had, indeed, been a sleepless night. In lieu of sleep, Helena had lain, reviewing the chain of events which had brought her to Crest Mountain Lodge. For two years she had worked in Helvig's big department store, and it was only this spring that she had been given a department of her own. True, it was a small department, but it was an important one—especially during the summer months.

NOW she knew that she had been wise to pay strict attention to the ultimatum of Miss Landes, the personnel manager of Helvig's. She had been wise in taking home the little pamphlets which Miss Landes handed out to her "class" of salesgirls. The majority of the girls seemed to think

do you know anything about sports?"

"Why, I—I'm afraid not," Helena had faltered.

"Surely you must know something about them," Miss Landes urged. "At least you know what a smart woman should wear for swimming and tennis and—" she waved her hand vaguely, "well, badminton?"

"Yes, I think I do." Miss Landes replaced her spectacles. "Good! And before fall you can learn something about the winter sports, too." She smiled at Helena. "You see, Miss Little in the sportswear department is leaving the first of the month. I thought you might like to have her place."

Helena Derrick had gasped. The sportswear department was one of the most important in Helvig's. It was important not so much because of the volume of business, but because of the fact that it drew the daughters of wealthier families in the city.

"You realize, of course," Miss Landes said, "what the sportswear department means. Its customers are chiefly young girls with money to spend—young girls who can influence their families to maintain an account at Helvig's—or not maintain an account at Helvig's."

"But, Miss Landes, I—"

"It's my opinion," went on the personnel manager imperiously, "that you can handle the sportswear department even better than Miss Little. You are good-looking, and you've that healthy, outdoor look that a girl in that department ought to have. But that's not what convinced me, Helena. I've watched you in our personnel classes. You strike me as a girl who is anxious to get somewhere in the world. What do you say?"

"I'd like to try it, Miss Landes."

SO on the Monday of the following week Helena had found herself in the sportswear department. This department of Helvig's big organization was hardly more than one corner of the "ladies' ready-to-wear"—but it was a glamorous corner, done in a silvered modernistic mode with indirect lighting and streamlined display cases. Old man Helvig had quickly recognized the trend toward outdoor activities on the part of young women, had been among the first to see that a smart costume was half the fun. He was proud of his sportswear department, and cautioned his buyers that it was to have not only the reasonably priced lines, but the exclusive outdoor costumes as well.

HELENA liked the work from the first very day. She had always enjoyed swimming and tennis, but when her father died and she faced the world with a high school diploma and the problem of supporting her mother she found little time to engage in either sport. But now, at least, she could engage vicariously in them, and she took over Miss Little's place with a genuine enthusiasm that pleased customers and meant dollars and cents to Helvig's.

Quickly she learned the likes and dislikes of the steadiest of her clientele—mostly young women who had little to do but sandwich sports between rounds of bridge and dancing. Some of them she grew to like, and among these was Sandra Leigh. Often Helena had seen the Leigh girl's picture in the rotogravure section of the newspapers, and she realized vaguely that she was the daughter of a man who had much to do with the upbuilding of the town. But until she had sold Sandra Leigh bathing suits and tennis shorts she hadn't known that she was a sensible and altogether likable person whose friends called her "Sandy."

Helena would not forget the day that Sandra Leigh had burst into the shop in a rush, asking to see bathing caps and sandals.

"We're getting away on the four o'clock to Crest Mountain Lodge," Sandra explained, "and I've left all my swimming things at the beach."

"Oh," Helena had exclaimed pleasantly. "I hear Crest Mountain Lodge is very pleasant."

"Haven't you ever been there?" Sandra Leigh seemed surprised.

Helena shook her head. "No..."

The Leigh girl studied her a moment, then added suddenly, "Why don't you come along? There's an extra man who's said to be awfully nice—and I'm the one who's been delegated to find the girl. Why don't you help me out? I really think you'd have a good time."

Helena hesitated. "It's good of you, Miss Leigh. But tomorrow's our busiest day in the week, and—"

"Maybe I could fix it," Sandra Leigh said quickly. "If I can, will you accept?"

"Why... why, yes."



But Helena knew in her heart that she had lost herself to Peter Henderson, quite as suddenly as he insisted he had lost himself to her.

noon. "Everything's fixed, darling. Will you meet me at the station at quarter to four? I'll introduce you to everybody—and by the time the train arrives at Crest Mountain Lodge you'll feel as if you'd known the whole gang all your life!"

Helena had doubted that, but it turned out to be perfectly true. The very fact that she was a friend of Sandra's gave her instant acceptance. But she didn't try to convey the impression that she was more than she was. By the time the train reached the lodge everyone on the party knew that she was "in the sportswear department" at Helvig's, and none seemed to think the less of her because of it. In fact, most of them were open in their admiration.

"Helvig's is where I should be right now," one of the girls confessed. "Father's supposed to be a big shot in these parts—but we all realize that if he paid his obligations we wouldn't know where our next meal is coming from. I'm the little lady who gets her picture

in the newspapers' society columns and appears everywhere—as if nothing was wrong. Father calls me his 'front.' But I'd feel better if I were dragging down a few dollars a week in Helvig's, as you are."

"This extra man I spoke about will meet us at the lodge," Sandra told Helena. "He lives in a little town on the other side of the state. I think you'll like him. His name is Peter Henderson and he looks more like one of those collar advertisements than any man I ever saw in my life."

Helena laughed. "I suppose there must be men like that—but I'll have to confess I've never seen one!"

Well, she had seen one now. Peter Henderson was unbelievably good-looking, and behind his blue eyes was both power and intelligence. Helena had been rather embarrassed at their first meeting, realizing that she was "the extra girl" for this young friend of Sandra Leigh's. But within a few moments Henderson had dis-

pelled this uncomfortable feeling. "You always had excellent taste," he laughed toward Sandra Leigh, "but I never realized it extended to 'blind dates.' Where've you been keeping this delightful Miss Derrick?"

Sandra winked at Helena. "That's a secret, Peter."

BUT after dinner at the lodge that night, Helena told Peter Henderson the secret. While the others were gathered around a roaring log-fire, Peter and Helena had drifted out along the path which led toward the lake.

"I'm enjoying this so much," Helena said. "You see, I work in Helvig's—and when Sandra Leigh suggested I come along on the party I was quite overwhelmed."

"Then you haven't known Sandra long?"

Helena shook her head. "Not more than a month. And then only as a customer at the store."

He looked at her sharply. "Good! A kindred spirit. . . . I don't know Sandra's gang very well, either. You see," he smiled, "I live in a little town east of the mountains. Oh, we've street cars and a municipal debt—but we don't attempt to hold a candle to the metropolis you call your own."

That had been the beginning of Helena's understanding, this feeling that, in a measure, they were two people a bit out of their element. Following the path down toward the lake, they had decided to take the canoe out on moonlit waters. It was there on the lake that Peter Henderson had said, "I think I'm in love with you, Helena."

"But you know nothing about me, Peter Henderson. And I know nothing about you."

He looked at her a long time before he answered. "All I know is that I'm in love with you. And that's enough for me."

At that impulsive confession, Helena had taken the defensive. But she knew in her heart that she had lost herself to Peter Henderson, quite as suddenly as he insisted he had lost himself to her.

Then in the early-morning hours she had stared wide-eyed at the ceiling of her room in the lodge. At last she had succumbed to her restlessness and gone down to the lake for a swim, not realizing that upon her return she would confront Henderson.

Swiftly he came down the steps to meet her. "If you planned to go for an early swim, why didn't you tell me?" he asked. "There in the privacy of the forest dawn, his arms reached out for her, and Helena felt herself trembling in every fiber of her young body."

(To Be Continued)

Right to Publish News Is Sustained

New York Supreme Court Overrides Attempt to Seal Up Records

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.—The right of a newspaper to print the news, however its reporters may get it, was upheld here Wednesday in a sweeping opinion on freedom of the press by Supreme Court Justice William F. Bleakley.

The decision—the first ever handed down on a judicial order restraining publication of news before it is printed—was made in a contempt citation fought by Jack Turcott, Westchester reporter for the New York Daily News. Justice Bleakley held Turcott was protected by the constitution of both the United States and the state of New York.

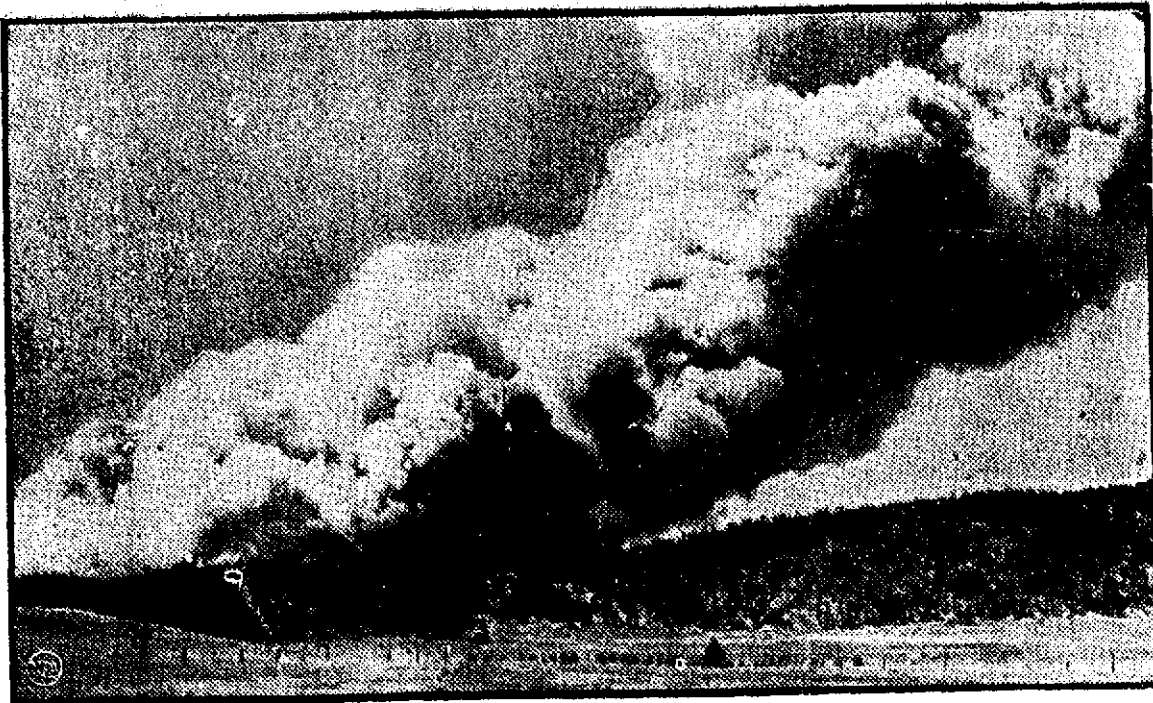
"It is a fundamental principle of law that the publication of any article may not be restrained in advance," Justice Bleakley ruled. "Unless that principle is observed in its strictest sense, the right of freedom of the press is abridged."

The case hinged on publication in the News last April of a story about a libel suit filed by Celine J. Flegel, a radio singer known as Sally Reynolds, against Dr. Raymond L. Dittmars, curator of the Bronx zoo, and others.

Justice Graham Witschick, at White Plains, granted an order sought by Miss Flegel to seal the papers in the action. Turcott got the news from other sources and it was printed. That same day of publication Turcott was cited for contempt of court and threatened with jail.

Justice Bleakley, in his decision struck sharply at a chamber proceeding to suppress the news. He inveighed vigorously against class influences in administration of the law—one law for poor, one for rich.

Forest Fires Add to Drouth Destruction



Fed by drouth-dried grass and leaves, and parched undergrowth, forest fires raged through the Black Hills of South Dakota and northwestern Wyoming, adding to the suffering and destruction in the wake of the unprecedented heat wave that gripped the nation. The photo above shows a section of the Black Hills fire as it neared Sundance, Wyo., where it consumed more than 60 square miles of valuable timber lands.

Feed Problem Is of Distribution

Total National Supply Sufficient—But Low in Some Sections

WASHINGTON.—(AP)—A special Department of Agriculture survey Thursday estimated the nation's food supply for the next 12 months at about 1 per cent less than in the same period of 1934-35, but still appearing ample for domestic needs.

Distribution Problem
WASHINGTON.—(AP)—The 1936 livestock feed problem was described by government officials Wednesday as one of distributing apparently adequately national supplies to drouth areas.

An official report said that the relation of feed grain supplies to livestock numbers seemed likely to be about the 1933 ratio.

Jesse W. Tapp, chairman of the inter-departmental Drouth Relief Committee, said that in 1933 drouth damage was spotted, and effort was concentrated on moving feed from surplus to deficit points.

The Crop Reporting Board said there was an acute shortage of feed in the worst drouth areas, but that in the country as a whole the carry-over of hay was the largest since 1928.

It said stocks of feed grain this year would be the lightest since 1934, and hay stocks probably would be about as light as in other recent drouth areas, excluding 1934.

Agricultural scientists said, however, that figures on feed supplies were significant only in their relation to the number of livestock units to consume them.

An Arkansas dog catcher resigned because of ridicule. Apparently he drew the line at dead cats.

All-Day Service Sunday at Union Grove Church

An all-day service will be held Sunday at the Union Grove church near Blevins, with a picnic dinner on the grounds, according to an announcement Thursday by the Rev. W. H. Stingley, pastor. The public is urged to bring well-filled baskets.

A. F. of L. to 'Try' Revolting Unions

But It Is Unlikely That Lewis Will Appear for a Hearing

WASHINGTON.—(AP)—A threatened split in the American Federation of Labor was averted for the time being, at least, Wednesday when the federation's executive council decided to give 12 unions a trial August 3 on charges of "insurrection."

The council took this step instead of immediately suspending these unions so as to give federation peace-makers opportunity to try to heal the breach between the rebel faction favoring the organization of all the workers in each big industry into one big union and the faction which believes that skilled workers should be organized into craft unions.

John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, heads the rebels. William Green, A. F. of L. president, is spokesman for the craft unions which control the council.

John P. Frey, president of the federation's Metal Trades department, brought the five charges upon which the 12 unions are to be tried.

Green said he was not sure that the rebels would appear for the trial. If they did and the trials were concluded, the council would have three courses open: To suspend the unions, to decide on "other penalties"—he did not elaborate—or to "forgive and forget."

Shortly before the council decided to hold the trial, an editorial in the "United Mine Workers Journal" accused the council of joining with the steel industry to block unionization.

The editorial said: "The Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor has joined hands with the great steel companies to prevent the organization of the workers in the steel industry."

"The Executive Council has denounced the (Lewis) organization campaign and served notice that it will not aid in any way to bring the steel workers into the ranks of organized labor."

"For more than 50 years the American Federation of Labor has failed to organize the steel workers, and if it were to try for another 50 years it could not organize them along the lines of its outworn and moss-covered policy."

Landon's Great Aunt Is Looking at White House

ERIE, Pa.—(AP)—Governor Alf. M. Landon's oldest living relative says she expects to spend her 1937 vacation at the White House.

She is Mrs. Emma Jane Dumas Lininger, a great aunt now 83 years old, who recalls fondly the fishing trips she made with her nephew in this state when he was about 12.

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JULY 13-18

RAILROAD WEEK

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Townsend, Smith, Coughlin Hit F. D.

Townsendites and Share-the-Wealthers in Cleveland Meeting

CLEVELAND, Ohio.—(AP)—The Rev. Charles E. Coughlin aligned himself with Dr. Francis E. Townsend Thursday in an address to the Townsend national convention termed President Roosevelt "a betrayer and a liar."

Coughlin also said he was forced to repudiate the philosophy of Governor Landon, Republican presidential nominee.

Townsend and Smith
CLEVELAND, Ohio.—(AP)—Dr. Francis E. Townsend, founder of the Townsend Old Age Pension plan, assailed Wednesday Roosevelt administration's "crazy orgy of spending" and told the second national Townsend convention that his movement has the support of other groups who seek a "new era of social justice."

Townsend told his followers the pension plan has the backing of the National Union for Social Justice, the Share-the-Wealth movement, and "other groups of unhappy and dissatisfied voters opposed to the New Deal's crazy orgy of spending," and those "who are working toward a new era of social justice."

He told the delegates—most of them gray-haired men in their shirt sleeves—that he believed "we shall agree on a program of political action and ours must be a plan of immediate action that will assure the abolition of poverty from our land."

The Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, head of the share-the-wealth movement and a Townsend director, said "Dr. Townsend has assured me that he will stand with myself and others in a continued and relentless attack on the Roosevelt-Farley machine."

"I am informed that there are not less than 1,000 planted delegates in this convention in the pay of the James A. Farley machine to attempt to confuse the minds of the people gathered here for sincere purposes," Smith said.

One exhibit at the Cleveland expo features the unique from the world over, but we looked in vain for a candidate who said he might have trouble winning.

Diplomats Upset by Spying Charges

Department of State Enters Navy's Case Against Farnsworth

WASHINGTON.—Reports that several other persons are to be arrested on charges of selling naval information to the Japanese government spread Wednesday as Justice Department officials prepared to present to the District of Columbia Grand Jury evidence against former Lieut. Commander John S. Farnsworth.

Farnsworth, dismissed from the navy in 1927, is accused of selling a confidential navy pamphlet outlining battle-ship maneuvers in time of war to "a Japanese officer."

Because international relationships are so delicately poised in cases of this sort, the State Department has had several conferences over this phase of the case with Justice and Navy departments, it was revealed.

Admiral William H. Standley, acting secretary of the navy, denied that the document allegedly sold by Farnsworth was obsolete or Farnsworth's personal property as claimed by him.

Crip Hall Visitor in Hope Thursday

Stops Here on Way South From Speaking Tour Above Nashville

C. G. (Crip) Hall, candidate for secretary of state, was a visitor in Hope Thursday in the interest of his campaign.

He came here after filling speaking engagements Wednesday and Wednesday night at Ashdown, Lockesburg, Nashville and DeQueen, appearing there with Carl Bailey, candidate for governor.

In his first political race two years ago, Mr. Hall received 105,000 votes against Ed F. McDonald who won by a small majority.

Mr. Hall was born and reared at Malvern. He attended the University of Arkansas from 1919 to 1923 and is a graduate of the law school.

For the past 15 years he has lived at Little Rock. Mr. Hall has been "endorsed" as a candidate for secretary of state by Larn and Abner, Arkansas radio term and personal friends of Mr. Hall.

Reveals Low Chilean Pay

LONDON.—(AP)—The salary of the president of Chile, according to a self-styled "indiscretion" by Don Gustavo Ross, finance minister of Chile, is \$10 a day. "To be able to meet our obligations," he said on a visit here, "we live modestly. The president's salary is small, but it is twice as much mine. I receive \$5 a day."

New no-button men's shirts are

the market, but we're not interested. They are so hard to distinguish from our newly-launched ones.

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WHITE OAK, OVERCUP, POST OAK AND RED OAK HEADING BOLTS, OIL GRADE. ASH BOLTS.

All Timber Scaled and Paid for Cash When Delivered.

For Prices and Specifications Apply to

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It's Carl Bailey Against The Field!



Clean Politics vs. Political Shakedown

Governor Futrell

Publicly Says

"Hands Off!"

Governor Futrell told the press:

"I'm not going to try to pick any man and put him in the governor's chair. . . . It would be unbecoming for me to attempt to say who should succeed me."

The governor SAYS he is sticking to his decision of some time ago to take no part in this campaign except to "go to the polls and cast my vote for the man I deem best qualified."

The governor SAYS he is also willing to permit the administration employees to exercise that same inalienable privilege.

He SAYS he is not trying to cram any candidate down their throats simply because they are under obligations to him for their jobs.

BUT the governor added that it would be all right with him if department heads and "other friends of the administration" decided to center their efforts in behalf of a particular candidate for governor.

The "Centering" Has Begun.

Carl Bailey

Emphatically Says

"Not For Me!"

In every speech he has made this week in his campaign for governor—at Malvern, Arkadelphia, Gurdon, Bradley, Lewisville, Washington, and Prescott—Carl Bailey has scornfully denounced the brazen, insolent tactics of the Midget Mussolinis in trying to buy the governorship with controlled votes and extortion money.

He wants it clearly understood—in case there should be any doubt in anybody's mind—that none of this slush money being squeezed out of the state employees will be used in behalf of his candidacy.

Carl Bailey has made no servile overtures for the support of the state-house gang. And they know too well that he does not approve of such tactics that he would not do their bidding nor serve their selfish ends.

Carl Bailey asks the support of the state employees on the same basis that he asks the support of all the people—

"Vote for me, if you think I am the best man for the job."

Administration's Midget Mussolinis Privately Say "Kick In."

The statehouse bosses have got the "go" signal to start their shakedown. They are not only dabbling in dictatorship, but are putting tighter screws than ever before on their helpless hired hands.

They are demanding a half-month's salary from employees in departments whose heads are appointed by the governor.

They propose to use this slush fund to help finance the campaign of some candidate they are going to permit to become governor—and do their bidding.

The Gazette Wednesday morning reported:

"An employee of one department, when informed that he was expected to contribute a half-month's salary, asked which candidate it was to go to. He was told that he was not to worry about that; that it would be taken care of in due time, and that all he had to do was to fork over the money and ask no questions."

The Midget Mussolinis are in the market to buy themselves a governor. They are prepared to bid up to \$100,000. Their employees will pay the piper—or else!

Carl Bailey Solicits Your Support in the Fight Against This Regimentation and For Freedom at the Polls!

Elect CARL BAILEY YOUR GOVERNOR

—Advertisement.

Why Gulf is the Gas for July



THE "DOG DAYS" start in July. Hot, sticky days that play hob with your car's mileage—unless you use a fuel tailored to the weather. If you don't want part of your gas to go out the exhaust unburned, wasted—get That Good Gulf in July. It's specially refined for summer driving—"Kept in Step with the Calendar." And that's why all of it goes to work, none of it goes to waste. Try it.

"Kept in Step with the Calendar" THAT GOOD GULF GASOLINE